





NEW-YORK, THURSDAY, JUNE 25, 1863

We are sorry to see that the President, in interview with the German Committee from Louis, so explicitly assured them that he did favor the plan of *immediate emancipation* in State under State authority, and by its indepe

appear to have thought it necessary to provide safeguards for—"freedom of silence." Then, as *'talking ambiguously'*—if men are liable to military arrests for that offense, alas for the security of our politicians and platform makers of all p

favor of enrolling as many of them as he can; and pointing on the map, to "the vicinity of Vicksburg," the very Sabastopol of the war, he said: "The colored people will have to take the places, and will have to hold them."

hearts and the muscles of the colored people, to save the common liberties of all the people, white and colored, from the schemes of the slaveholders and their copperhead allies—the bitter haters of the colored man.

is now freed from slavery by the war, and eight children with her. She is obliged to care for her old mother, also free, so that after learning and reciting her lesson, she politely asks to be excused, and allowed to go home, which she always

**Prof. H. W. Longfellow** is now in Washington, at the bedside of his son, who, several months ago, enlisted in a cavalry regiment, and is now suffering from chills and fever, contracted on the Rappahannock.

Rebel forces in Maryland had taken away large numbers of refugees alleged to be runaways from their masters in Maryland and Virginia, but had returned them to their masters, in hopes of conciliating them, and gaining recruits from them.

**SATURDAY, JUNE 20.**







## Family Miscellany.

For the Principia.

## THE LITTLE BEGGAR.

There's a dear little beggar girl,  
Living somewhere,  
With eyes like twin dew-drops,  
Gentle and fair;  
Hair, that in sunlight,  
Changes to gold;  
Lips like a ruby,  
Of exquisite mold.

She's a neat little beggar as  
Ever I know;  
Her dress is so nice, from  
Dimple to toe,  
Fitting so close,  
Fairy-like form,  
Worn with a grace that  
A queen might adorn.

Then she gives very pretty,  
Like a young fawn,  
As she sits and shies  
By the side of the door,  
Asking for something  
Ready to give,  
Something I cannot  
Refuse—if I live.

It was only last evening that,  
Chancing to meet,  
We stood in a doorway,  
Hid from the street,  
Where the bright moonbeams  
Radiant fell,  
Weaving around us  
A magical spell.

So entrancing the hour that I  
Heeded not time,  
Till silver bells rang out  
Merrily, merrily,  
Then from the maiden  
Turning away,  
You should have seen how  
She begged me to stay.

Not with words—such superfluous  
Language of art,  
But under outgoings,  
Fresh from the heart,  
Eyes that, drooping  
Like a soft veil,  
Added her blushes  
To finish the tale.

And perhaps it were cruel I  
Thought to myself,  
To leave this alone, this  
Poor little elf,  
So in great pity,  
Raised to my lips,  
Just of her fingers,  
The rosary ties.

In the face, then in gratitude  
Turned to my own,  
The spirit of witchcraft  
Verily shone,  
Arched, but coyly,  
Sending to say—  
"Pray, sir, and will you  
With this, go away?"

So I turned a moment to  
To my dear child,  
Unwillingly, I  
Yet one that causes  
Blossoms to thrill,  
For he it known,  
A young man's often will.

Time assured of my favor, she  
Drew to my side,  
Sweet dew I saw it there  
Place of her rest;  
Propping her head still  
Lower and lower—  
For that I loved her  
I told her before.

Now, indeed, though her pleading was  
Hated to deny,  
I do not believe in  
Beggars—not I—  
And the fair brow up  
Raising with care,  
Hatted away from  
Her withering sun.

But a voice like to that of a  
Bird to a mate,  
Called after me, and what  
Could I but wait,  
While round my neck soft  
Arms were entwined—  
Pleasant dream,  
Mon over her eyes.

As I gazed in her eyes that were  
Moistened with tears,  
And saw how her lips half  
Quivered with fears,  
Folding her close in  
Transport of bliss,  
Gave I her what she  
Was begging—a kiss.

Was I wrong? For this beggar girl  
Soon, at my side,  
Shall stand in her beauty,  
Owned as my bride,  
Then, if she kisses,  
Kisses me more,  
See if she do not  
Repay me four-fold!

But now the old broken lies:  
Thou seest now, though tear-eyes  
Be hollow and dim,  
Thou'rt safer for the broken dream,  
Be grateful, then, what'er be the theme,  
Thy Father guides thy way.

For the Principia.

## A LIFE PICTURE.

BY ELLIE SEAL.

CHAPTER III.—NEW TIES.

A little stranger had arrived at the farm house, over which Mary was duly installed nurse. A new spirit seemed now to pervade the place. Indeed, if ever a woman feels a holy thought, a man, divinity stirring within him, it is not when they look upon their first born.

The child grew, but still Mary could not be spared, and baby was so busy twining tendrils of love around her heart, that she herself hardly wished to go.

She sat singing that old song, "Bye low," one evening, at dusk, when she was surprised by the sudden entrance of some one that Kate called.

"My brother Fred!"  
And forthwith she was favored with an introduction, blushing of course at being caught so.

Said Fred was not a very prepossessing young man—rather short in stature, with a low forehead, and a face so lacking expression, that one might describe it somewhat as he would that of a horse or sheep.

Mary looked straight at him, as he did at her, thinking—how very becoming that bundle of white in her lap was to her complexion. As to her thoughts of him, they were of the most ordinary kind, and when Jim asked him to stay and help him through haying, she wished him a thousand miles away.

But he always spoke kindly to her, moved about the house quietly, offered his assistance when there was anything hard to be done, went to church regularly, and Jim and Kate were so fond in his praises, that finally she too was persuaded to think kindly of him—and when at last he began to show her those little attentions that presage something serious, she received them as a hungry child would accept a morsel of dry bread, thankful that any one in the wide world cared for her, besides Sue and her mother.

Yet when he came to that test of true affection, said, "Mary, I love you; will you be my wife?" her soul, instead of expanding to receive that new element, she felt contracting within her, shutting out the grand illumination which follows an avowal of reciprocal love.

But she did not say so—she was not a coquette in the affairs of the heart. She turned half away, speaking scarce above a whisper, in trembling tones—

"Mr. Milburn, I have never thought of you thus—excuse me," and she left him standing alone.

The subject was not renewed for several days. Meanwhile, what thoughts agitated her mind! She was weighing in a balance, on one side, love, and a home, offered her, free of cost, on the other, days of weariness and toil, ending perhaps only with her life.

"I am neither brilliant nor pretty," she thought. "I cannot hope for many suitors, and perhaps Fred is as good as I am; any way he loves me—Oh, what shall I do?"

Her mother could not aid her much. She only said, "My daughter, do as you think best. He seems to be quite a nice young man, and if you love him, marry him—you need a home, poor child."

Jim heard of the affair, and said, "Why marry him, by all means, Mary, if he wants you? A girl don't get a chance every day."

So when he broached the subject to her again, she felt a slight leaning toward him, and listened patiently to his earnest pleading, till in the end she had promised to become his wife. Blame not the heart'sick orphan!

They were married in November. It cost Mary some tears to leave her mother, but she was not going to be so very far distant, only four or five hours ride, by common travel, and she comforted herself that she should see her old home often—for what bride is so suspicious as to imagine her lord can ever deny her such a pleasure?

It was a large, square, brick house, unshaded by trees, the residence of his father, to which Mr. Milburn first took his wife. The neighborhood was a lonely one, but Mary was not inclined to moodiness, and was well accustomed to country life, so that she was quite content. She was pained, however, that, when the Sabbath came round, it was such a hard work to get Fred to go to church with her. His religious principles, she had thought, were well formed, although she knew he was not a Christian.

One other discovery was also soon made—there was strong drink in the house. Must it be said that fathers, in civilized lands, will educate their sons to this abomination? It is so, sometimes; it was in this case; and Mary—

but who, without experience, can depict the young wife's feelings on making such a discovery? It is one of those things that try the temper of the soul, and often the heart breaks under it.

She greatly expostulated, but Fred said, "Fie! Look at my father, who has drank all his life, and see what a hearty old man he is—a man of influence too, in the town and county."

"Yes, but, dear, you have not his power of endurance or of resistance, perhaps. Because one has escaped out of a terrible danger often, it is a warrant that we could do the same? Oh, Fred, don't run into it, for my sake!"

Aside from these things, she lived a comparatively happy life at Milford. Her father-in-law was pleased with her, and she exerted herself to comfort his lonely life; for he was a widower. She arranged the rooms in the most cheerful manner possible, using the most tempting allurements to attract her father and husband to her side, and, through the long winter evenings, to keep them there. She succeeded, much to her satisfaction. It was pleasant to hear Fred saying, every now and then, "How bright the house looks, Mary; really, you are as good as a fairy!"

And the father's voice would chime in, "Yes, yes, she understands it. Mind your eye, Mary, and keep hold of the reins—these glasser reins that guide us, men, so easily—hold them tight, dolly."

At such times her heart would swell with womanly pleasure that she had contributed her mite toward making two hearts happy.

"Children," said Mr. Milburn, senior, about

the beginning of April, "I have been thinking about you lately, as well as myself. I must not keep you here much longer. Young birds, like you, ought to be building a nest of their own, and I must follow the example of other parent birds, and coax you out of this old one, to try your strength, somewhat. Now I have my eye upon a cozy little spot"—and his eye twinkled—"look here," and he drew out of his pocket a Title Deed of a farm, all paid for, which he placed in their hands.

"Our own, our very own!" said Mary, incredulously, reading.

"It is, it surely is," she exclaimed, and the hot blood rushed over her face. "Father, how shall we ever repay you?"

But he was gone.

"Indeed, he is very good," said Fred, just coming to his senses—"It is because"—choking—"he loves you so, Mary. I must go and thank him."

Mary sat musing. "But I had rather stay here, after all—poor father has no one to take care of him," she said aloud.

"But will have," replied a voice behind her. "I'm going to take a rib myself, dolly, to be sure. I'm only sixty-eight; I may live many years, yet," and he patted her head as if she were a little child, and he a young man, just contemplating matrimony.

Everybody will be foolish—old men as well as young ones—on the subject. Mary thought so.

They were to enter directly into possession of their property, and on account of spring plowing and sowing, it was necessary to move on to the new farm, immediately.

"Home, sweet home," sang the young wife, as, for the first time, they approached the house. "Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home"—and the low brown cottage grew into a palace, before her eyes.

Hills all around it, not dry and barren, but covered in summer time with leafy verdure, and, in winter, relieved by the evergreen larch and spruce, it was a pretty spot for such a bird's nest—not exactly what Mary had chosen, for she was proud; still, even for this dwelling, she was very grateful, and, true to instinct, went right about fitting up and adorning the little domain, where, day after day found her, busy as a bee, gathering honey to sweeten her husband's cup.

O, Fred, turn not aside from this cool and refreshing draught of love, to that which fools and false friends offer in the tempting but soul-destroying wine cup.

One of the pleasantest events that happened to Mary, during this season, was a visit from her beloved mother. How much they had to tell each other, to talk about, to live over again, to plan for the present, to picture for the future! Days flew like hours, in this sweet, unvarying employment.

"Do you really think I am a good house-keeper, mother?" Mary asks for the twentieth time.

"Excellent, my child. Your bread is as light as a cork; better butter and cheese I never tasted, and you were always very neat, in spite of Kate's assumption to the contrary."

"Do they treat you well, mother, you are sure? I am so glad—I wish I could keep you."

"Kate has two babies, now, you know. She can't spare grandma over a month; she said so."

Something whispered—"Selfish, still."

In this new relation of life, Mary had only one secret she wished to keep from her mother—one only: Fred's passion for drink. She craved her tender sympathy, but must spare her the pain which such knowledge would unavoidably inflict.

But her mother guessed it—a mother's eye is sharp. When she questioned her daughter, Mary replied caressingly—

"O, Fred was brought up so; he thinks nothing of it."

"But, child—"

"Yes, mother, I know what you would say. I shall do all I can, and he loves me; never fear!"

temporal and spiritual. Bad calculations, and the constant draft upon his scanty purse for the purchase of liquor, were daily straightening his circumstances, till, in spite of everything, the farm must soon be sold, to meet the numerous demands. In a little less than three years from the time of their settlement there, they were obliged to seek another home. A little cottage and garden were secured about a mile from the old farm, and there we leave them, for a time, while we go in search of Sue.

## ROSA BONHEUR.

SOMEWHERE about 1820, a young artist of no small promise resolutely bade Paris and his dreams of future celebrity a long farewell, to settle down as a drawing-master at Bordeaux; for in the old vicinities city lived Raymond Bonheur, the parents, poor, aged and infirm, and to their maintenance and comfort the son nobly endeavored. He was a painter, and he was a man of high ability in the sketching of the best animal painters in the Louvre. One living creature, too, Rosa possessed, which served both for model and companion—a pet sheep, she had bought as a lamb, and contrived, somehow, to keep fat and flourishing in the corner of her attic on the third story. In such wise she lived, working for very small gains, but always steadily working. The young artist, then, nineteen, was for the first time represented by two small pieces, "Rabbits," "A Study of Sheep and Goats," in the Paris Exhibition of 1841. After that date, her pictures appeared annually in the salon. The very high order of merit in the drawing, and the technical skill they displayed, were acknowledged by connoisseurs, but for the public in general they seemed to have few attractions until the Exhibition of 1848. During the previous Summer, Rosa had at last escaped from her long imprisonment in the capital, and now, from the breezy pastures of Auvergne, she sent a canvas glowing with life and inspiration of nature. Horace Veruet himself pronounced her "Cantal Ovens" to be the best picture of its kind in the salon, and his opinion was endorsed by the admiring crowd who gathered round it, day after day. Our painter had achieved the true triumph of art; she satisfied both the connoisseur and the multitude. Horace Veruet presented her, in the name of the Provisional government, with a magnificent Sevres vase, besides the medal of the first class awarded to the picture; and an English gentleman gave a solid proof of his appreciation by purchasing it for £600. The "Cantal Ovens" remained in a state of dull, dreamy content, which is admirably expressed. The lines of the bones and movement of the muscles under the play of light and shadow over their comely backs and broad shoulders; the breath of the white foam, the drowsy motion of the lower jaws—every minute detail has been perfectly given. The creatures are grouped in the foreground of a landscape, simple, appropriate, and faithful to nature. This is a bright, breezy bled, through which floats an expulsive web of summer sun.

Her picture of the next year, 1849, "Oxen plowing near Nerves," is doubtless fresh in the memory of most visitors to the International Exhibition. Many an English rustic paid it the honest compliment of staring wide-eyed at the picture, and this recalls a bonafide criticism, more to the point, perhaps, than anything the present writer could find to say concerning its merits. During the Exhibition, on a certain sweltering day between haytime and harvest, a gigantic farmer from the Fens, where agriculturists and water-beetles respectively arrive at amazing size, was watched, as he contemplated the picture afire. Presently plunging into the crowd, back he came, dragging a flustered female on his arm. "Look, Becky," roared the peasant, his jolly face so near the canvass as to draw the attention of policeman X—"Look, peters here about as cheap as rats in a granary; but these beasts, Becky, and that's plowing!" Great as the popularity of Rosa Bonheur's "Horse Fair" has been, the "Ploughing near Nerves," and its companion picture, "Hay-making," are perhaps more popular, rank perhaps higher in artistic merit. The last exhibition in 1855, where as the official announcement distinctly states, have obtained the cross of the Legion of Honor, but for the sex of the artist; a dictum, so it seems to us, nothing short of a slur on the boasted gallantry of our Gallic neighbors.

In 1856, Adolphe Bonheur was appointed by government Director of the female school of Design. In the course of the same year, her father, who had found leisure, during the latter part of his life, to send several pictures of respectable merit to the salon, was carried off by cholera. He left his younger children to their sister's special care, and the trust has been nobly fulfilled. Auguste Bonheur follows her steps as landscape and animal painter, her second brother, Isidore, is well known as an animal sculptor, and the graceful compositions in still-life and flower-painting by Madame Peyrol, the youngest of the family, are deservedly admired. Mademoiselle Bonheur has chosen as her Paris residence an old-fashioned house in the Rue d'Assas, with a large courtyard attached. Entering this, you find a farmyard in the heart of the city; around it are stables and cattle-sheds; in the middle, a good-sized piece of pasture is enclosed, where sheep, goats and heifers browse together on the bank of ferns. Here a peacock airs his train in the sun; there a knot of pigeons coo and beckon; cocks crow, guinea-fowl call, hens clatter over their brood, and the lowing of the herd of the poultry house, the deep bellow of a Highland steer, or one long bay from a favorite English hound. Cross the threshold of the painting-room, and there are these living models multiplied on the walls by studies more or less finished, but all portrait-like in their faithfulness, all instinct with that subtle charm which has been called the painter's magic. Presently in comes a cat, evidently free of the sanctum; trots around with a critical air, which is irresistibly comic; wags his venerable beard over sundry sketches of himself, and away clatters Capricornus again. Next appears a Margot, a beautiful mare, coming straight up to her owner's easel with those effusive whinnies which beg some token of recognition, or a plain, as in any human utterance. The figure in a loose costume, something between blouse and petticoat, seated before the easel, appears somewhat insignificant; but now, as the artist looks up with a smile at her favorite, one glance at the face, which most of us know through Dubut's portrait, at the massive forehead, at the fine features, the physiognomy, in which strength and simplicity are so rarely blended, suffices to impress you with the presence of genius.

Rosa Bonheur's works are so highly appreciated by English amateurs, that they are becoming more numerous in this country than in her own. Several of them, including her "Horse Fair," "Hay-making," "Ploughing near Nerves," and the "Haymaking," are well known through engraving or lithography. Perhaps the high favors she enjoys on our own side of the Channel may be mainly attributed to the vivid reality of her style. Her pictures are eminently calculated to enlarge our enjoyment of outdoor nature; this she presents to us precisely as it appears, not perhaps to every eye, but to that of the painter. There is no conventional arrangement, no vicious over-elaboration, no pretension whatever, not so much as a pretension to simplicity. What she gives us is true, whole, and reality, as observed with a clear eye, and set forth by a skillful hand—Chamber's Journal.

FRANKLIN, when he was ambassador to France, being at a meeting of a literary society, and not well understanding the French when he declined, determined to applaud when he saw a lady of his acquaintance express satisfaction. When they had ceased, a little child who understood French said to him, "But Grandpapa, you always applauded the loudest, when they were praising you!" Franklin laughed heartily, and explained the matter.

"Every way to the right goal is right," Goethe tells us, "from all points of the compass." And thus Mademoiselle Bonheur had

the satisfaction of finding her honest work at the Louvre by no means thrown away. From she brought a clear, bright, cheerful insight, and a wise love for nature. Occasionally she exchanged her easel for a modeling apparatus, and moulded groups of animals as she saw them in the fields. These efforts at plastic art, with no guidance beyond that of natural aptitude and inventive power, must have been accomplished with great difficulty. Although we cannot consider that the animal sculptures exhibited from time to time by Mademoiselle Bonheur, have any way increased her reputation, yet her practice in this kindred branch of art has been highly valuable to her as a painter; especially has she thereby attained that firm and subtle hand in execution, which is too rare a quality among female artists.

Winter of course, interrupted these outdoor studies; she then devoted the time between such sketches as she could make in a stable belonging to an abattoir, and careful study of the best animal painters in the Louvre. One living creature, too, Rosa possessed, which served both for model and companion—a pet sheep, she had bought as a lamb, and contrived, somehow, to keep fat and flourishing in the corner of her attic on the third story. In such wise she lived, working for very small gains, but always steadily working. The young artist, then, nineteen, was for the first time represented by two small pieces, "Rabbits," "A Study of Sheep and Goats," in the Paris Exhibition of 1841. After that date, her pictures appeared annually in the salon. The very high order of merit in the drawing, and the technical skill they displayed, were acknowledged by connoisseurs, but for the public in general they seemed to have few attractions until the Exhibition of 1848. During the previous Summer, Rosa had at last escaped from her long imprisonment in the capital, and now, from the breezy pastures of Auvergne, she sent a canvas glowing with life and inspiration of nature. Horace Veruet himself pronounced her "Cantal Ovens" to be the best picture of its kind in the salon, and his opinion was endorsed by the admiring crowd who gathered round it, day after day. Our painter had achieved the true triumph of art; she satisfied both the connoisseur and the multitude. Horace Veruet presented her, in the name of the Provisional government, with a magnificent Sevres vase, besides the medal of the first class awarded to the picture; and an English gentleman gave a solid proof of his appreciation by purchasing it for £600. The "Cantal Ovens" remained in a state of dull, dreamy content, which is admirably expressed. The lines of the bones and movement of the muscles under the play of light and shadow over their comely backs and broad shoulders; the breath of the white foam, the drowsy motion of the lower jaws—every minute detail has been perfectly given. The creatures are grouped in the foreground of a landscape, simple, appropriate, and faithful to nature. This is a bright, breezy bled, through which floats an expulsive web of summer sun.

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the satisfaction of finding her honest work at the Louvre by no means thrown away. From she brought a clear, bright, cheerful insight, and a wise love for nature. Occasionally she exchanged her easel for a modeling apparatus, and moulded groups of animals as she saw them in the fields. These efforts at plastic art, with no guidance beyond that of natural aptitude and inventive power, must have been accomplished with great difficulty. Although we cannot consider that the animal sculptures exhibited from time to time by Mademoiselle Bonheur, have any way increased her reputation, yet her practice in this kindred branch of art has been highly valuable to her as a painter; especially has she thereby attained that firm and subtle hand in execution, which is too rare a quality among female artists.

Winter of course, interrupted these outdoor studies; she then devoted the time between such sketches as she could make in a stable belonging to an abattoir, and careful study of the best animal painters in the Louvre. One living creature, too, Rosa possessed, which served both for model and companion—a pet sheep, she had bought as a lamb, and contrived, somehow, to keep fat and flourishing in the corner of her attic on the third story. In such wise she lived, working for very small gains, but always steadily working. The young artist, then, nineteen, was for the first time represented by two small pieces, "Rabbits," "A Study of Sheep and Goats," in the Paris Exhibition of 1841. After that date, her pictures appeared annually in the salon. The very high order of merit in the drawing, and the technical skill they displayed, were acknowledged by connoisseurs, but for the public in general they seemed to have few attractions until the Exhibition of 1848. During the previous Summer, Rosa had at last escaped from her long imprisonment in the capital, and now, from the breezy pastures of Auvergne, she sent a canvas glowing with life and inspiration of nature. Horace Veruet himself pronounced her "Cantal Ovens" to be the best picture of its kind in the salon, and his opinion was endorsed by the admiring crowd who gathered round it, day after day. Our painter had achieved the true triumph of art; she satisfied both the connoisseur and the multitude. Horace Veruet presented her, in the name of the Provisional government, with a magnificent Sevres vase, besides the medal of the first class awarded to the picture; and an English gentleman gave a solid proof of his appreciation by purchasing it for £600. The "Cantal Ovens" remained in a state of dull, dreamy content, which is admirably expressed. The lines of the bones and movement of the muscles under the play of light and shadow over their comely backs and broad shoulders; the breath of the white foam, the drowsy motion of the lower jaws—every minute detail has been perfectly given. The creatures are grouped in the foreground of a landscape, simple, appropriate, and faithful to nature. This is a bright, breezy bled, through which floats an expulsive web of summer sun.

Her picture of the next year, 1849, "Oxen plowing near Nerves," is doubtless fresh in the memory of most visitors to the International Exhibition. Many an English rustic paid it the honest compliment of staring wide-eyed at the picture, and this recalls a bonafide criticism, more to the point, perhaps, than anything the present writer could find to say concerning its merits. During the Exhibition, on a certain sweltering day between haytime and harvest, a gigantic farmer from the Fens, where agriculturists and water-beetles respectively arrive at amazing size, was watched, as he contemplated the picture afire. Presently plunging into the crowd, back he came, dragging a flustered female on his arm. "Look, Becky," roared the peasant, his jolly face so near the canvass as to draw the attention of policeman X—"Look, peters here about as cheap as rats in a granary; but these beasts, Becky, and that's plowing!" Great as the popularity of Rosa Bonheur's "Horse Fair" has been, the "Ploughing near Nerves," and its companion picture, "Hay-making," are perhaps more popular, rank perhaps higher in artistic merit. The last exhibition in 1855, where as the official announcement distinctly states, have obtained the cross of the Legion of Honor, but for the sex of the artist; a dictum, so it seems to us, nothing short of a slur on the boasted gallantry of our Gallic neighbors.

In 1856, Adolphe Bonheur was appointed by government Director of the female school of Design. In the course of the same year, her father, who had found leisure, during the latter part of his life, to send several pictures of respectable merit to the salon, was carried off by cholera. He left his younger children to their sister's special care, and the trust has been nobly fulfilled. Auguste Bonheur follows her steps as landscape and animal painter, her second brother, Isidore, is well known as an animal sculptor, and the graceful compositions in still-life and flower-painting by Madame Peyrol, the youngest of the family, are deservedly admired. Mademoiselle Bonheur has chosen as her Paris residence an old-fashioned house in the Rue d'Assas, with a large courtyard attached. Entering this, you find a farmyard in the heart of the city; around it are stables and cattle-sheds; in the middle, a good-sized piece of pasture is enclosed, where sheep, goats and heifers browse together on the bank of ferns. Here a peacock airs his train in the sun; there a knot of pigeons coo and beckon; cocks crow, guinea-fowl call, hens clatter over their brood, and the lowing of the herd of the poultry house, the deep bellow of a Highland steer, or one long bay from a favorite English hound. Cross the threshold of the painting-room, and there are these living models multiplied on the walls by studies more or less finished, but all portrait-like in their faithfulness, all instinct with that subtle charm which has been called the painter's magic. Presently in comes a cat, evidently free of the sanctum; trots around with a critical air, which is irresistibly comic; wags his venerable beard over sundry sketches of himself, and away clatters Capricornus again. Next appears a Margot, a beautiful mare, coming straight up to her owner's easel with those effusive whinnies which beg some token of recognition, or a plain, as in any human utterance. The figure in a loose costume, something between blouse and petticoat, seated before the easel, appears somewhat insignificant; but now, as the artist looks up with a smile at her favorite, one glance at the face, which most of us know through Dubut's portrait, at the massive forehead, at the fine features, the physiognomy, in which strength and simplicity are so rarely blended, suffices to impress you with the presence of genius.

Rosa Bonheur's works are so highly appreciated by English amateurs, that they are becoming more numerous in this country than in her own. Several of them, including her "Horse Fair," "Hay-making," "Ploughing near Nerves," and the "Haymaking," are well known through engraving or lithography. Perhaps the high favors she enjoys on our own side of the Channel may be mainly attributed to the vivid reality of her style. Her pictures are eminently calculated to enlarge our enjoyment of outdoor nature; this she presents to us precisely as it appears, not perhaps to every eye, but to that of the painter. There is no conventional arrangement, no vicious over-elaboration, no pretension whatever, not so much as a pretension to simplicity. What she gives us is true, whole, and reality, as observed with a clear eye, and set forth by a skillful hand—Chamber's Journal.

FRANKLIN, when he was ambassador to France, being at a meeting of a literary society, and not well understanding the French when he declined, determined to applaud when he saw a lady of his acquaintance express satisfaction. When they had ceased, a little child who understood French said to him, "But Grandpapa, you always applauded the loudest, when they were praising you!" Franklin laughed heartily, and explained the matter.

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## THE TURNOVER AND ORANGES.

"Just see what a beautiful turnover nothing has baked for me," said a little boy to his aunt as she entered the room where he was sitting.

"It is a very nice turnover," said his aunt. "Will you give me a part of it?"

"It is hot," said the boy, taking the plate in his hand, as if he feared he should lose his treasure.

"But I will wait till it cools; will you give me a piece then?"

"I am not going to eat it now. I shall put it away."

"But I shall stay here all day; I am in a hurry. I will not give you a taste when you eat it?"

"It is a very small turnover," said the boy. "I only want a very small taste. Will you not give me that?"

"It is not good."

"Oh! I think it is good. Your mother makes good turnovers. I know it would taste good to me."